

BAD STEEL PRESENTS

BASTILLE



ALL THIS "BAD BLOOD"

WRITTEN BY DAN SMITH PRODUCED BY MARK CREW AND DAN SMITH
RECORDED AT UNIT 24 AND ABBEY ROAD STUDIOS MIXED BY MARK CREW AND MARK 'SPIKE' STENT MASTERED BY BOB LUDWIG AND NAWEED AHMED
TAKEN ON THE ROAD BY WILLIAM FARQUARSON CHRIS 'WOODY' WOOD AND KYLE SIMMONS FEATURING ON CELLO VERITY EVANSON FEATURING ON STRINGS GEMMA SHARPLES SOPHIE LOCKETT JULIET LEE
WILLEMJN STEENBAKKERS ALEXANDRA URQUHART AND RICHARD PHILLIPS FEATURING ON BACK UP VOCALS TO KILL A KING 



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BAD STEEL PRESENTS

BΔSTILLE



ALL THIS "BΔD BLOOD"

WRITTEN BY DAN SMITH PRODUCED BY MARK CREW AND DAN SMITH
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS LUNT 24 AND ABBEY ROAD STUDIOS MUSIC BY MARK CREW AND MARK 'SPIKE' STENT
EDITED BY BOB LUDWIG AND NAWEED AHMED
DIRECTED BY WILLIAM FARQUHARSON CASTING BY CHRIS 'WOODY' WOOD AND KYLE SIMMONS
COSTUME DESIGNER VERITY EVANSON
PRODUCTION DESIGNER GEMMA SHARPLES
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EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS WILLEMIJN STEENBAKKERS ALEXANDRA UROUHART AND RICHARD PHILLIPS
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TO KILL A KING
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

POMPEII

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
William Farquarson: Bass
Chris 'Woody' Wood: Drums
Backing vocals by Ralph Pelleymounter,
Jon Willoughby, Ian Ludfield and Josh Platman

I was left to my own devices
Many days fell away with nothing to show
And the walls kept tumbling down in the city that we love
Great clouds roll over the hills bringing darkness from above

But if you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all?
And if you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like you've been here before?
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?

We were caught up and lost in all of our vices
In your pose as the dust settled around us
And the walls kept tumbling down in the city that we love
Great clouds roll over the hills bringing darkness from above

But if you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all?
And if you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like you've been here before?
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?

Oh where do we begin, the rubble or our sins?
Oh where do we begin, the rubble or our sins?
And the walls kept tumbling down in the city that we love
Great clouds roll over the hills bringing darkness from above

But if you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all?
And if you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like you've been here before?
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?
If you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all?

THINGS WE LOST IN THE FIRE

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano, percussion and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
William Farquarson: Bass
Chris 'Woody' Wood: Drums
Strings performed by Sophie Lockett, Juliet Lee,
Willemijn Steenbakkers (Violin), Alexandra Urquhart (Viola),
Richard Phillips and Verity Evanson (Cello)

Things we lost to the flames
Things we'll never see again
All that we have amassed
Sits before us shattered into ash

These are the things
The things we lost
The things we lost in the fire, fire, fire

We sat and made a list of all the things that we had
Down the backs of table tops - ticket stubs and your diaries
I read them all one day when loneliness came and you were away
Oh they told me nothing new but I love to read the words you use

These are the things
The things we lost
The things we lost in the fire, fire, fire

I was the match and you were the rock - maybe we started this fire?
We sat apart and watched all we had burn on the pyre
You said "we were born with nothing and
we sure as hell have nothing now"
You said "we were born with nothing and
we sure as hell have nothing now"

These are the things
The things we lost
The things we lost in the fire, fire, fire

Do you understand that we will never be the same again?
Do you understand that we will never be the same again?
The future's in our hands and we will never be the same again
The future's in our hands and we will never be the same again

These are the things
The things we lost
The things we lost in the fire, fire, fire

Flames they licked the walls
Tenderly they turned to dust all that I adored

BAD BLOOD

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming

I don't wanna talk about it
I don't wanna talk about it
I don't wanna talk about it
I don't wanna talk about it

We were young and drinking in the park
There was nowhere else to go
And you said you always had my back
Oh but how were we to know?

That these are the days that bind you together, forever
And these little things define you forever, forever

All this bad blood here
Won't you let it dry?
It's been cold for years
Won't you let it lie?

If we're only ever looking back
We will drive ourselves insane
As the friendship goes resentment grows
We will walk our different ways

But those are the days that bind us together, forever
And those little things define us forever, forever

All this bad blood here
Won't you let it dry?
It's been cold for years
Won't you let it lie?

I don't wanna hear about the bad blood anymore
I don't wanna hear you talk about it anymore
I don't wanna hear about the bad blood anymore
I don't wanna hear you talk about it anymore

All this bad blood here
Won't you let it dry?
It's been cold for years
Won't you let it lie?

OVERJOYED

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming

Oh I feel overjoyed
When you listen to my words
I see them sinking in
Oh I see them crawling underneath your skin

Words are all we have
We'll be talking, we'll be talking
These words are all we have
We'll be talking

And I hear you calling in the dead of night
Oh I hear you calling in the dead of night

You lean towards despair
Any given opportunity you're there
But what is there to gain
When you're always falling off the fence that way?

Words are all we have
We'll be talking, we'll be talking
These words are all we have
We'll be talking

And I hear you calling in the dead of night
Oh I hear you calling in the dead of night

And I hear you calling in the dead of night
Oh I hear you calling in the dead of night

Oh I feel overjoyed
When you listen to my words

THESE STREETS

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano, percussion and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
William Farquarson: Bass
Chris 'Woody' Wood: Drums
Dave De Rose: Drums
Backing vocals by Ralph Palleymounter, Jon Willoughby,
Ian Dudfield and Josh Platman

These streets are yours you can keep them
I don't want them
They pull me back and I surrender
To the memories I run from

Oh we have paved these streets
With moments of defeat

But even if we won't admit it to ourselves
We'll walk upon these streets and think of little else
So I won't show my face here anymore
Oh I won't show my face here anymore

These streets are yours you can keep them
In my mind it's like you haunt them
And passing through I think I see you
In the shapes of other women

Oh we have stained these walls
With our mistakes and flaws

But even if we won't admit it to ourselves
We'll walk upon these streets and think of little else
So I won't show my face here anymore
Oh I won't show my face here anymore

All that's left behind
Is a shadow on my mind
A shadow cast upon the wall
A silhouette and nothing more
That is all that's left behind

But even if we won't admit it to ourselves
We'll walk upon these streets and think of little else
So I won't show my face here anymore
Oh I won't show my face here anymore

WEIGHT OF LIVING, PT. II

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
William Farquarson: Bass
Chris 'Woody' Wood: Drums

The weight of living, the weight of living

All that you desired when you were a child
Was to be old, was to be old
Now that you are here suddenly you fear
You've lost control, you've lost control

Do you like the person you've become...

Under the weight of living
You're under the weight of living
Under the weight of living
You are under the weight,
The weight of living, the weight of living

It all crept up on you, in the night it got you
And plagued your mind, it plagued your mind
Every day it passes faster than the last did
And you'll be old, soon you'll be old

Do you like the person you've become...

Under the weight of living
You're under the weight of living
Under the weight of living
You are under the weight,
The weight of living, the weight of living

Tell yourself this is how it's going to be
Oh tell yourself this is how it's going to be...

Under the weight of living
You're under the weight of living
Under the weight of living
You are under the weight,
The weight of living, the weight of living

ICARUS

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano, percussion and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
William Farquarson: Bass
Chris 'Woody' Wood: Drums
Verity Evanson: Cello

Look who's digging their own grave
That is what they all say
You'll drink yourself to death

Look who makes their own bed
Lies right down within it
And what will you have left?

Out on the front doorstep
Drinking from a paper cup
You won't remember this

Living beyond your years
Acting out all their fears
You feel it in your chest

Your hands protect the flames from the wild winds around you

Icarus is flying too close to the sun
And Icarus' life it has only just begun
It's just begun

Standing on the cliff face
Highest fall you'll ever grace
It scares me half to death

Look out to the future
But it tells you nothing
So take another breath

Your hands protect the flames from the wild winds around you

Icarus is flying too close to the sun
And Icarus' life it has only just begun
This is how it feels to take a fall
Icarus is flying towards an early grave

You put up your defences when you leave
You leave because you're certain of who you want to be
You're putting up your armour when you leave
And you leave because you're certain of who you want to be

Icarus is flying too close to the sun
And Icarus' life it has only just begun
This is how it feels to take a fall
Icarus is flying towards an early grave

OBLIVION

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
Verity Evanson: Cello

When you fall asleep
With your head upon my shoulder
When you're in my arms
But you've gone somewhere deeper

Are you going to age with grace?
Are you going to age without mistakes?
Are you going to age with grace?
Only to wake and hide your face?

When oblivion
Is calling out your name
You always take it further
Than I ever can

When you play it hard
And I try to follow you there
It's not about control
But I turn back when I see where you go

Are you going to age with grace?
Are you going to leave a path to trace?

But oblivion
Is calling out your name
You always take it further
Than I ever can

When oblivion
Is calling out your name
You always take it further
Than I ever can

FLAWS

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
Dave De Rose: Drums

When all of your flaws and all of my flaws are laid out one by one
A wonderful part of the mess that we made
We pick ourselves undone

All of your flaws and all of my flaws, they lie there hand in hand
Ones we've inherited, ones that we learn
They pass from man to man

There's a hole in my soul
I can't fill it, I can't fill it
There's a hole in my soul
Can you fill it? Can you fill it?

You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground
Dig them up - let's finish what we started
Dig them up - so nothing's left unturned

All of your flaws and all of my flaws, when they have been
exhumed
We'll see that we need them to be who we are
Without them we'd be doomed

There's a hole in my soul
I can't fill it, I can't fill it
There's a hole in my soul
Can you fill it? Can you fill it?

You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground
Dig them up - let's finish what we started
Dig them up - so nothing's left unturned

When all of your flaws and all of my flaws are counted
When all of your flaws and all of my flaws are counted

You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground
Dig them up - let's finish what we started
Dig them up - so nothing's left unturned

All of your flaws and all of my flaws are laid out one by one
Look at the wonderful mess that we made
We pick ourselves undone

DANIEL IN THE DEN

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano, percussion and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
William Farquarson: Bass

Moving along at a pace unknown to man
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go
Go, go, go, go, go

And you thought the lions were bad
Well they tried to kill my brothers
And for every king that died
Oh they would crown another
And it's harder than you think
Telling dreams from one another
And you thought the lions were bad
Well they tried to kill my brothers

Felled in the night by the ones you think you love
They will come for you

Dreaming along at a pace you'll understand
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go
No, no, no, no, no

And you thought the lions were bad
Well they tried to kill my brothers
And for every king that died
Oh they would crown another
And it's harder than you think
Telling dreams from one another
And you thought the lions were bad
Well they tried to kill my brothers

Felled in the night by the ones you think you love
They will come for you

Oh to see what it means to be free
Of the shackles and the dreams that you claim to see

And felled in the night by the ones you think you love
They will come for you

Felled in the night by the ones you think you love
Felled in the night by the ones you think you love
Felled in the night by the ones you think you love... love

LAURA PALMER

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
William Farquarson: Bass
Strings performed by Sophie Lockett, Juliet Lee,
Willemijn Steenbakkers (Violin), Alexandra Urquhart (Viola),
Richard Phillips and Verity Evanson (Cello)

Walking out into the dark
Cutting out a different path
Led by your beating heart

All the people of the town
Cast their eyes right to the ground
In matters of the heart

The night was all you had
You ran into the night from all you had
Found yourself a path upon the ground
You ran into the night you can't be found

(Chorus)
But this is your heart
Can you feel it? Can you feel it?
Pumps through your veins
Can you feel it? Can you feel it?

Summer evening breezes blew
Drawing voices deep from you
Led by your beating heart

What a year and what a night
What terrifying final sights
Put out your beating heart

The night was all you had
You ran into the night from all you had
Found yourself a path upon the ground
You ran into the night you can't be found

(Chorus)

If you had your gun would you shoot it at the sky?
Why? To see where it would fall
Oh will you come down at all?
If you had your gun would you shoot it at the sky?
Why? To see where your bullet would fall
Oh will you come down at all?

(Chorus)

This is your racing heart
Can you feel it? Can you feel it?
Pumps through your veins
Can you feel it? Can you feel it?

GET HOME

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming

How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...
How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...

We are the last people standing at the end of the night
We are the greatest pretenders in the cold morning light

This is just another night and we've had many of them
To the morning we're cast out but I know I'll land here again

How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...
How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...

There's a light in the bedroom but it's dark
Scattered around on the floor are all my thoughts

This is just another night and we've had many of them
To the morning we're cast out but I know I'll land here again

How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...
How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...

The birds are mocking me
They call to be heard
The birds are mocking me
They curse my return

How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...
How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...
Oh how am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...
How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...
I'm lost

POET

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
William Farquarson: Bass

Obsession it takes control
Obsession it eats me whole
I can't say the words out loud
so in rhyme I wrote you down

Now you'll live through the ages
I can feel your pulse in the pages

I have written you down now you will live forever
And all the world will read you and you live forever
In eyes not yet created
On tongues that are not born
I have written you down now you will live forever

Your body lies upon the sheets
Of paper in words so sweet
I can't say the words
So I wrote them into my verse

Now you'll live through the ages
I can feel your pulse in the pages

I have written you down now you will live forever
And all the world will read you and you live forever
In eyes not yet created
On tongues that are not born
I have written you down now you will live forever

I have read her with these eyes,
I've read her with these eyes,
I have held her in these hands

I have written you down now you will live forever
The virtue's in the verse and you will live forever

I have written you down now you will live forever
And all the world will read you and you live forever
In eyes not yet created
On tongues that are not born
I have written you down now you will live forever

THE SILENCE

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
William Farquarson: Bass
Gemma Sharples: Violin

Tell me a piece of your history that you're proud to call your own
Speak in words you picked up as you walked through life alone
We used to swim in your stories and be pulled down by their tide
Choking on the water, drowning, with no air in sight

Now you've hit a wall and it's not your fault
My dear, my dear, my dear
Now you've hit a wall and you hit it hard
My dear, my dear, oh dear

It is not enough to be dumbstruck
Can you fill the silence?
You must have the words in that head of yours
Oh, oh can you feel the silence?
I can't take it anymore
Cus it is not enough to be dumbstruck
Can you fill the silence?

Tell me a piece of your history that you've never said out loud
Pull the rug beneath my feet and shake me to the ground
Wrap me around your fingers, break the silence open wide
Before it seeps into my ears and fills me up from the inside

Now you've hit a wall and you're lost for words
My dear, my dear, my dear
Now you've hit a wall and you hit it hard
My dear, my dear, oh dear

It is not enough to be dumbstruck
Can you fill the silence?
You must have the words in that head of yours
Oh, oh can you feel the silence?
I can't take it anymore
Cus it is not enough to be dumbstruck
Can you fill the silence?

If you give it a name then it's already won
What you good for? What you good for?
If you give it a name then it's already won
What you good for? What you good for?

Cus it is not enough to be dumbstruck
Can you fill the silence?
You must have the words in that head of yours
Oh, oh can you feel the silence?
I can't take it anymore
Cus it is not enough to be dumbstruck

HAUNT (DEMO)

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming

We make our agreements about when to meet
And I'll leave you in the doorway
The cold evening aches as it leaves in its wake
Oh the memories left by the day

Oh and questioning why as you look to the sky
That is cloudless up above our heads
And thoughts come to mind how our short little lives
Haven't left the path that they will tread

They will tread...

I'll come back to haunt you
Memories will taunt you
And I will try to love you
It's not like I'm above you

Will wisdom we learn as our minds they do burn
All the ties to naivety and youth
To adults we grow and maturity shows
Oh the terrifying rarity of truth

As you turn to your mind and youth thoughts they rewind
To old happenings and things that are done
You can't find what's past make that happiness last
Seeing from those eyes what you've become

What you've become...

I'll come back to haunt you
Memories will taunt you
And I will try to love you
It's not like I'm above you

I will see you there
Will see you there
Will see you there...

I'll come back to haunt you
Memories will taunt you
And I will try to love you
It's not like I'm above you

WEIGHT OF LIVING, PT. I

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
William Farquarson: Bass
Chris 'Woody' Wood: Drums

There's an albatross around your neck
All the things you've said and the things you've done
Can you carry it with no regrets?
Can you stand the person you've become?

Oh there's a light
Oh there's a light

Your albatross - let it go, let it go
Oh your albatross - shoot it down, shoot it down
When you just can't shake the heavy weight of living

Stepping forward out into the day
Shrugging off the dust of memory
Though it's soaring still above your head
It is out of sight and none shall see

Oh there's a light
Oh there's a light

Your albatross - let it go, let it go
Oh your albatross - shoot it down, shoot it down
When you just can't shake the heavy weight of living
When you just can't seem to shake the weight of living

It's the sun in your eyes

Your albatross - let it go, let it go
Your albatross - shoot it down, shoot it down
When you just can't shake the heavy weight of living
When you just can't seem to shake the weight of living
The weight of living
The weight of living

SLEEPSONG

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
William Farquarson: Bass
Verity Evanson: Cello
Gemma Sharples: Violin

Oh in the strangest dreams
Walking by your side
It is the hole and you impose upon your life
When you're out loneliness, it crawls up in the crowd
It's what you feel but can't articulate out loud

Oh you go to sleep on your own
And you wake each day with your thoughts
And it scares you being alone
It's a last resort

All you want is someone
Onto whom you can cling
Your mother warned of strangers and the dangers they may bring
Your dreams and memories are blurring into one
The seams which hold the waking world have slowly come undone
You'll come undone

Oh you go to sleep on your own
And you wake each day with your thoughts
And it scares you being alone
It's a last resort

Don't talk to strangers
And don't walk into danger

Oh you go to sleep on your own
And you wake each day with your thoughts
And it scares you being alone
It's a last resort

DURBAN SKIES

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming

All that I've got to be thankful for
All that I've got to be thankful for
In the heat try to love these streets

In this town it all went down
Our chromosomes in sepia tones
In my mind, in my mind, in my mind

Where you led your lives before
From our small island
Brought right back to these shores
To these shores, to these shores

It's alive, it's alive
When I see it through your eyes
It's alive, it's alive
Now I understand your lives

When you take me there
You show me the city I see it through your eyes
When you take me there
We drive through the city beneath the Durban Skies

On the day you made your vows
The heavens opened rain poured down
It poured down, down, down

Grey and brown the seventies
The suits you wore and the ones you loved
Were so young, were so young, god you were so young

It's alive, it's alive
When I see it through your eyes
It's alive, it's alive
Now I understand your lives

When you take me there
You show me the city I see it through your eyes
When you take me there
We drive through the city beneath the Durban Skies

All that I've got to be thankful for...

When you take me there it's alive
When you take me there it's alive

LAUGHTER LINES

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
Backing vocals by William Farquarson and Chris 'Woody' Wood
Strings performed by Sophie Lockett, Juliet Lee,
Willemijn Steenbakkers (Violin), Alexandra Urquhart (Viola),
Richard Phillips and Verity Evanson (Cello)

You took me to your favourite place on earth
To see the tree they cut down ten years from your birth
Our fingers traced in circles round its history
We brushed our hands right back in time through centuries

As you held me down you said:

"I'll see you in the future when we're older
And we are full of stories to be told
Cross my heart and hope to die
I'll see you with your laughter lines"

Changes on our hands and on our faces
Memories are mapped out by the lines we'll trace

As you held me down you said:

"I'll see you in the future when we're older
And we are full of stories to be told
Cross my heart and hope to die
I'll see you with your laughter lines"

Ashen faces in cool breeze
Ashen faces in cool breeze
Armed with stories you will leave
Oh armed with stories you will leave

I'll see you in the future when we're older
And we are full of stories to be told

Cross my heart and hope to die
I'll see you with your laughter lines
I'll see you in the future when we're older
I'll see you in the future when we're older

BAD STEEL INC. IN ASSOCIATION WITH MARK CREW A BASTILLE MIXTAPE

BASTILLE

IN OTHER PEOPLE'S HEARTACHE

BASTILLE AND JAMES CONTINUOUSLY CHANGING

ROMAN TADLEY GIBBY TANNER RALPH PELLEYMONTHER EMMA JAY BROWN KATE TEMPEST CARROLL APIN BUCKLEWORTH BOLT JILL TOMA CALVIN HARRIS E STONES

BASTILLE ADAM TRILEY SEAL KEVIN BRIGGS KAMER BURRUS TANAKA COTTE ROMAN TADLEY GIBBY OLIVER SIDA JANE SMITH JAMES LAST ENYA THE DELPHINOS KATE TEMPEST JEFFREY LING CARL OBEY

PAUL TANNER CHRISTOPHER FRANCIS OCEAN AL OBEY MARK KNOPFLER JANE LEWIS DALE LONGWORTH KEVIN O'DOLE CALVIN HARRIS FLORENCE WELCH KID HADRON THOMAS NEWMAN E STONES ADRIAN ADAM BLANDA SHAPPLIS

OF THE NIGHT

Written by Benito Benites, John Garrett III, Michael Gaffey,
Francesco Bontempi, Giorgio Spagna, Annehley Gordon, Thea
Austin and Peter Wilfred Glenister
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
Dan Priddy: Backing vocals

Rhythm is a dancer
It's a source companion
People feel it everywhere
Lift your hands a voices
Free your mind and join us
You can feel it in the air
Oh it's a passion
Oh you can feel yeah
Oh it's a passion
Oh...

You can put some joy upon my face
Oh sunshine in an empty place
Take me to turn to and babe I'll make you stay

Oh I can ease you of your pain
Feel you give me love again
Round and round we go each time I hear you say

This is the rhythm of the night
The night, oh yeah
The rhythm of the night
This is the rhythm of my life
My life, oh yeah
The rhythm of my life

Would you teach me how to love and learn
There'll be nothing left for me to yearn
Think of me a burn and let me hold your hand

I don't want to face to face the world in tears
Please think again I'm on my knees
Sing that song to me no reason to repent

This is the rhythm of the night
The night, oh yeah
The rhythm of the night
This is the rhythm of my life
My life, oh yeah
The rhythm of my life

THE DRAW

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
William Farquarson: Guitar and bass

In my left hand there is the familiar
In my right hand there's the great unknown
I can see the madly different grass there
But I'm drawn to wilder nights at home

Don't listen to your friends
See the despair behind their eyes
Don't listen to your friends
They only care and want to know why

I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
It's pulling me back, it's pulling me
I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
It's pulling me back, it's pulling me

Are you drifting way beyond what's normal
'Cus round your mind the words that they would say
When you go home everything's looks different
And you're scared of be left behind

Just listen to your friends
Trust their fair, look in their eyes
Just listen to your friends
They only care and hope you're alright

I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
It's pulling me back, it's pulling me
I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
It's pulling me back, it's pulling me

WHAT WOULD YOU DO

Written by Robert Pardo and Ryan Toby
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming

Boys and girls wanna hear a true story?
Saturday night was at this real wild party
There was liquor overflowin' the cup
About five or six strippers trying to work for a buck
So I took one girl outside with me
Her name was Lodi, she went to junior high with me
I said "Why you up in there dancing for cash
I guess a whole lot's changed since I see you last"
She said

"What would you do if you son was at home
Crying all along on the bedroom floor
'Cus he's hungry and the only way to feed him
Is to sleep with a man for a little bit of money
And his daddy's gone, in and out of lock down
I ain't got a job now, he's off smoking rock now
So for you this is just a good time but for me
This is what I call life"

"Girl you ain't the only one to have a baby
That's no excuse to be living all crazy"
So she stared me right square in the eye and said
"Every day I wake up hoping to die"
She said "My god I know about pain cus
Me and my sister ran away so our daddy couldn't rape us
Before I was a teenage
I done an' been through than shit you can't even relate to"

"What would you do if you son was at home
Crying all along on the bedroom floor
'Cus he's hungry and the only way to feed him
Is to sleep with a man for a little bit of money
And his daddy's gone, in and out of lock down
I ain't got a job now, he's off smoking rock now
So for you this is just a good time but for me
This is what I call life"

"What would you do?"
"Get up off my feet and stop making tired excuses"

SKULLS

Written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
William Farquarson: Bass

I came here for sanctuary
Away from the winds and the sounds of the city
I came here to get some peace
Way down deep where the shadows are heavy

I can't help but think of you
In these four walls my thoughts seem to wander
To some distant century
When everyone we know is 6 feet under
When all of our friends are dead and just memory
And we're side by side it's always been just you and me
For all to see

When our lives are over and all that remains
Are our skulls and bones let's take it to the grave
And hold me in your arms, hold me in your arms
I'll be buried here with you
And I'll hold in these hands all that remains

I don't want to rest in peace
I'd rather be the ghost that annoys you
I hope you can make me laugh
6 feet down when we're bored of each other

A match is our only light
It's day of the dead I'm Indiana Jones here
These coins sit upon our eyes
Pool our funds and pay the boat together

When all of our friends are dead and just a memory
We'll lie side by side it's always been just you and me
For all to see

When our lives are over and all that remains
Are our skulls and bones let's take it to the grave
Hold me in your arms, hold me in your arms
I'll be buried here with you
And I'll hold in these hands all that remains

And now it's all before you
Hold me in your arms, hold me in your arms

When our lives are over and all that remains
Are our skulls and bones let's take it to the grave
Hold me in your arms, hold me in your arms
I'll be buried here with you
And I'll hold in these hands all that remains

TUNING OUT...

O Holy Night arranged by Dan Smith and Mark Crew
Skulls written by Dan Smith
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming
William Farquarson: Bass

O holy night the stars are brightly shining
It is the night of your dear saviour's birth
Long lay the world in sin and error pining
Till he appeared and the soul felt its worth
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn

Fall on your knees oh hear the angel voices
O night divine
O night that leads to morn

Fall on your knees oh hear the angel voices
O night divine
O night when christ was born
O night, O holy night
O night divine



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